Cingulomania

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Cingulomania

by JSinister32

Summary

> “I was hoping we could talk.” Will snorted and took a fortifying sip from the crystal tumbler still clutched in his fingers. His hand shook; it was a wonder he hadn’t dropped the glass. He gripped it as if it were his last anchor holding him in place and let the cool liquid slide into his throat, setting off a gentle bomb in his stomach as it hit. He hadn’t gotten around to eating. It didn’t seem important anymore. Nothing really did.
>
> “We have nothing to discuss."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Cingulomania (n.) Latin
A strong desire to
Hold a person in your arms.

"What are you doing here?" The shadow of the man in Will's doorway shifted uncomfortably, a hand coming up to run nervous fingers through silver and gold hair. Will stoically stood his ground, waiting for Hannibal to reply. A quiet sigh issued forth from the doorway; the doctor remained cloaked in darkness.

"I was hoping we could talk." Will snorted and took a fortifying sip from the crystal tumbler still clutched in his fingers. His hand shook; it was a wonder he hadn't dropped the glass. He gripped it as if it were his last anchor holding him in place and let the cool liquid slide into his throat, setting off a gentle bomb in his stomach as it hit. He hadn't gotten around to eating. It didn't seem important anymore. Nothing really did.

"We have nothing to discuss, Hannibal," he sighed wearily. "I don't know what you expected by driving all the way here-"

"I would have called, but you've made the effort to block my number," the shadow interrupted. "Not to mention my email address and every outlet of social media available to us. I have tried to keep my distance from you, knowing that you'd need time to process what we've lost between us. To heal." He took a step closer, into the light; Will got a good look at his ex for the first time in weeks.

He was wearing Will's favorite sweater. The dark blue one that was just a little large on him, still contouring to his frame, but a little long in the arms; enough material to cover the tops of his hands. It made him appear soft, vulnerable. Touchable, almost human. He had worn Will's favorite pair of jeans, too; they were so worn in, the material was butter soft to the touch. He could slide his fingers into Hannibal's back pockets when they kissed, bringing them flush together while he playfully cupped the doctor's ass. His fingers itched to touch; every fiber of Will's being wanted him to fall to his knees and beg the man before him for mercy. For forgiveness. *I am not the one who needs to be sorry.*

Will let his eyes drift up to Hannibal's face; his hair was longer than he usually wore it, falling boyishly into his eyes. The back was still short. A comfortable length for him to wind his fingers through. His skin was pale, paler than Will had ever seen him. Dark grey smudges stood out beneath his eyes. Hannibal Lecter looked sallow, haunted. *Unhappy.*

"I don't want to talk," the profiler finally replied, taking another sip from his glass. "It's been a long week, and I just want to find something to eat and go to bed." Hannibal's bloodstained gaze met his own.

"Please." The single word hit like a sledgehammer, shattering his heart to broken pieces. It had taken every second of the weeks they had been apart to feel okay. Every night was restless; dreams of long limbs and the safety of another's arms swirled uselessly around him. Every day was an uphill battle; a balance between concentrating on his work and finding

something to fill the void left behind when Hannibal was no longer there to take up his time. Every single moment without the man before him pained him, made him wish he could turn back the clock and unsay all the things he voiced. It didn't matter if Hannibal couldn't tell him where he had been those nights he disappeared. It didn't matter that his fingernails had come back stained with blood; warm rivulets washed russet in the bright white of his sink. Nothing mattered more than the vast emptiness that filled every inch of his chest, the darkness that seeped beneath the edges to take root where love had once thrived.

"Nothing has changed, Hannibal." The words felt like poison as they fell from his lips. He could feel himself cracking apart, the pain wrenching itself free from where it lived within him. "Nothing has changed." It came out as a whisper; enough sound to be heard without the threat of tearing his soul in two. Will could feel the world rushing towards him from below. *God, why does it have to hurt so bad?*

"Everything has changed," Hannibal replied quietly. He took another step towards the door, his eyes glowing red as coals in the dim light. "If you would just talk to me-"

"No," Will gasped. "You need to leave." Tears pricked behind his eyes; he held them back, refused to give the doctor the satisfaction of knowing he was so torn apart. Hannibal stilled, holding his gaze gently in his own.

"I will not leave you in such a state," he murmured.

"I'm not in a-" Hannibal pinched the bridge of his nose.

"God in Heaven, give me strength." He looked back at Will, rooting him to the floor with his stare. "You are not sleeping. I would wager your nightmares have returned with some force. You have not been eating. You have lost at least ten pounds- ten pounds you did not have to lose. You have become a ghost. A man that others fear to address. Your work has been slipping-"

"My work has not been-" Hannibal crossed the threshold, slamming the door behind him. The sound made Will jump and flinch back. The doctor turned and twisted the lock, trapping them together inside the sanctuary of Will's home. When he met the profiler's blue gaze, the contrite shyness had melted away. Looking back at him was the man with whom Will had fallen in love; bright with life, quick to anger, fiery and passionate and free. *Christ, I've missed that gaze.*

"Your work has been affected to the point where Jack doesn't know if he can trust your judgment," Hannibal seethed. "He sought me out, camping on my doorstep until I was forced to allow him entrance, just to get a little peace. He shouted at me until he lost his voice, explaining to me exactly what has become of you." The doctor ran a hand through his hair. Will tried not breathe; Hannibal was wearing his favorite aftershave, something spicy and elegant, utterly masculine. It made him think of Autumn leaves crunching beneath their feet, cold noses and apple cider.

It was mouthwatering.

“I came here to find out if he was telling the truth, only to discover you’re in worse condition than he thought to mention. You cannot live like this, Will. You can’t let yourself waste away to nothing.” Anger bubbled up in the profiler’s chest; hot and thick. The darkness within him roiled, mixing with the new, intoxicating flavor of his rage.

“You do not have a say on what I do,” he bit out, his voice thick. “You lost that privilege weeks ago.” Hannibal looked as if he had been struck. They stared at one another for long minutes, letting the silence choke them. Hannibal broke first, lowering his eyes to the ground with a nod.

“You are correct. I no longer hold the ability to keep your emotions from destroying you. But you are not the only one suffering from your disregard for your wellbeing.” Will blinked, taken aback.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re systematically destroying every relationship you’ve taken the time to build within the Bureau. Your friends avoid you because they know you’ll eventually come back to yourself. Everyone else just runs for cover in hopes that your ire will not spill to them.” Will thought back to the last few weeks; the loneliness, his isolation, the way he spoke to others. *Has it really been that bad?*

“So, Jack came to you. To fix me.” Hannibal nodded miserably.

“We discussed my inability to treat you any longer, but he insisted that I come speak with you, try and make you see some sense. He knows I still care for you, far more than I believed I had kept on the surface. He knew I would be invested.” Will snorted, shaking his head.

“Right. Well. Consider my senses back where they belong.” Hannibal watched him, his eyes searching. His gaze burned along Will’s skin, setting him ablaze wherever it touched. *God.*

“I still want to discuss-” Will shook his head emphatically.

“I’m exhausted. I can’t even explain how tired I am. I haven’t eaten a proper meal all week, and I really just want to order something in and let my mind settle.” Hannibal looked away and sighed, resigned.

“Understood. I will take my leave, then.” He turned and strode back to the door, disengaging the lock. Will watched him from where he stood, his entire being afire. The doctor pulled open the door and turned back, gracing Will with a gentle half smile. The sight of that secret lift of his lips made Will ache in places he didn’t know it was possible to hurt.

“Forgive the intrusion tonight, Will. It was rude of me to interrupt the beginning of your weekend. Please get some food, and some rest. You look terrible.” A surprised burst of laughter escaped Will’s throat; it sounded like a sob.

“You don’t look any better, you know.” Hannibal’s smile broke across his face like the sun.

“I know. Sleep well.” He left, pulling the door closed behind him. Silence threatened to close in around him, pressed down on his aching heart like a giant’s hand. Will stood frozen, staring at the spot where his ex lover had just been.

No.

Without a thought, he sprinted to the door, wrenching it open with enough force that it slammed back against the wall with a thud. He hissed as his feet touched the cold walkway, but it didn’t matter. Heart in his throat, Will dashed down the drive, frantically searching the darkness. A dark shape moved slowly, tiredly ahead of him; the sound of keys rang through the air like bells. *Thank Christ.*

“Hannibal!” The other man turned, startled.

“Will-”

“Don’t-” Will panted, trying to catch his breath. “Don’t go. Please.” Hannibal watched him come closer, keys dangling uselessly in his hands. Will closed the distance between them in two long strides. Pulling the doctor’s lapels, he closed his eyes and crushed his mouth down on Hannibal’s half parted lips. It was painful and sloppy, desperate. It was perfect. Hannibal groaned and dropped his keys, winding his fingers into the profiler’s curls. Their lips stroked and parted, tongues brushing together in a maddeningly tender flash of pure sensation. They kissed until their jaws ached, until Will could no longer feel his feet. He broke away, gasping, resting their foreheads together. Their breath mingled in the small space that separated them, curling up in white puffs of smoke.

“Come back inside,” he whispered. Every word brushed their lips together in a kiss. “Eat something with me. Stay, for fuck’s sake. Just stay.” Hannibal kissed his gently parted lips and nodded, bending to retrieve his keys. Without warning, he scooped Will from the ground and carried him back to the house.

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Sunlight filtered in through the parted curtains, painting the bed in pale, early morning light. The warm, solid comfort pressed against his back pulled Will from his slumber long enough for him to shift his position. Hannibal rolled unconsciously onto his back, his hands flexing protectively against Will’s spine. With a quiet hum, Will rolled towards his sleeping lover and nestled into the crook of his arm. Hannibal pulled him close and buried his nose in the profiler’s curls, breathing in his scent. The covers shifted around them, creating a soft nest for them to burrow into, hiding them from the waking world.

Slotted together, they slept.

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God I’ve missed this. Will rolled his hips, gazed down at the man pinned beneath him as he rocked down onto his cock. The aching stretch felt glorious; Hannibal’s hands on his waist, guiding his movements as Will fucked him. Will’s cock strained, hard and flushed with blood, the fat crown glistening with precome. They wholly ignored it; he wanted Hannibal’s

cock more, the pleasure offered by taking him into his body. Sweat pooled at the base of his spine; he let his head fall back, a soft moan escaped into the bright afternoon.

It was everything they needed it to be.

Hannibal bent his knees, giving Will something to lean into as he impaled himself over and over for their pleasure. Orgasm was some distance away; the fuzzy crackling of an approaching storm, rolling in with every restless movement of his hips. Hannibal watched him, panting out his pleasure at full pelt, his maroon eyes adoring him. They didn't rush, letting their gentle rocking carry them towards that lapping, pulling pleasure. When Will's legs began to shake, Hannibal encircled his straining prick with a slick, calloused fist, letting Will chase his pleasure in his own time. Will pushed into his fingers every time he lifted his hips, fucking the tight circle of Hannibal's fingers. The warm, bright building pressure exploded in cascades of lightening down his spine. *Yes. God, please-*

The first blinding wave tore him to pieces, shattered him apart. Will gasped Hannibal's name and ground down on his cock, feeling himself pull as the pulses of his pleasure pounded through him. Hannibal's hand stilled, squeezed him at the base of his cock, brought him safely through. When he could open his eyes, the doctor was watching him, adoration plain on his face.

"You haven't come," Will panted. Hannibal shook his head, fingers sliding idly along the damp skin that covered Will's hipbones.

"I don't need-" Will rocked his hips, his body quaking with his aftershocks. He leaned forward and brushed their mouths together gently, stealing a kiss from Hannibal's offered lips. He gathered the doctor's hands in his own, lacing their fingers together as he braced himself.

The first hard slam down onto Hannibal's cock brought a surprised shout from the doctor's throat. Will gripped his hands and fucked him, their moans mingling in the warm sunlight.

"Oh- Oh God-" Will pinned Hannibal's hands down beside his head and fucked him harder.

***

"We will need to discuss what transpired in our first attempt at a relationship at some point." Hannibal held his chopsticks up, offering Will the dumpling he'd somehow managed to impale. They sat on the floor of the living room, half dressed with takeout cartons surrounding them. Will slid the dumpling off the chopstick and popped it in his mouth, chewing it down while he thought on his reply.

"We do," he agreed. "But not this weekend." Hannibal leaned further into the v of the profiler's legs and hummed.

"What do you propose?"

"Take me to dinner this week. Pick somewhere expensive, where we have to get dressed up. Make sure there is lots of wine and candlelight. Romance to curb the urge to fight. Talk to

me about it then." Hannibal didn't reply for a long moment.

"Are you certain?" Will set his container down and gathered Hannibal into his arms.

"I can't lose you again," he murmured, his voice as soft as the firelight. "I don't know what you're going to tell me, but my heart can't take it this weekend. I just- I need-" Hannibal pressed back into Will's chest.

"This."

"Yes. This. The rest can wait." They consumed their food in comfortable silence, collecting the containers to deposit in the kitchen once they ate their fill. Hannibal took Will's hands and lead him back to bed, settling him on his back beneath the covers before padding from the room. Will waited, his mind blissfully blank, until the doctor returned, Will's phone clutched in his hand.

"Do me a favor before we sleep?" the doctor asked, handing it over. Will nodded, waiting.

"Unblock my contact." Will nodded and moved through his apps, working to ensure Hannibal could reach him everywhere. When he'd finished, Hannibal collected his own phone and typed out a message, locking the screen when he was through. As the doctor moved towards the bathroom to get ready for bed, Will's phone pinged with a new message. He grinned and unlocked his screen.

[10:14PM] *I love you, darling. Don't ever block me again.*

End Notes

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